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“ She came to the village church,  
And sat by a pillar alone.”

# Maud.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Illustrated.



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"It is my wish that with MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS  
alone the right of publishing my books in America should rest."

ALFRED TENNYSON.



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M A U D.







# MAUD.



## PART I.

I.

I.



HATE the dreadful hollow behind the  
little wood,  
Its lips in the field above are dabbled  
with blood-red heath,  
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror  
of blood,  
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers  
"Death."

II.

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body  
was found,  
His who had given me life— O father! O God!  
was it well? —

Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted  
    into the ground :  
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when  
    he fell.

## III.

Did he fling himself down ? who knows ? for a  
    vast speculation had fail'd,  
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever  
    wann'd with despair,  
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken  
    worldling wail'd,  
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands  
    drove thro' the air.

## IV.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair  
    were stirr'd  
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by  
    a whisper'd fright,  
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock  
    on my heart as I heard  
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the  
    shuddering night.





“I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood.”



## V.

Villany somewhere ! whose ? One says, we  
are villains all.

Not he : his honest fame should at least by me  
be maintain'd :

But that old man, now lord of the broad estate  
and the Hall,

Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left  
us flaccid and drain'd.

## VI.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace ?  
we have made them a curse,

Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is  
not its own ;

And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it bet-  
ter or worse

Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on  
his own hearthstone ?

## VII.

But these are the days of advance, the works  
of the men of mind,

When who but a fool would have faith in a  
tradesman's ware or his word ?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and  
that of a kind  
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the  
sword.

## VIII.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the  
print  
Of the golden age — why not? I have neither  
hope nor trust;  
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face  
as a flint,  
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows?  
we are ashes and dust.

## IX.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the  
days gone by,  
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled to-  
gether, each sex, like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when only  
not all men lie;  
Peace in her vineyard — yes! — but a company  
forges the wine.

## X.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the  
ruffian's head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the  
trampled wife,  
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the  
poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very  
means of life,

## XI.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villa-  
nous centre-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the  
moonless nights,  
While another is cheating the sick of a few last  
gasps, as he sits  
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson  
lights.

## XII.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for  
a burial fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of chil-  
dren's bones,

Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by  
land and by sea,  
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a  
hundred thrones.

## XIII.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder  
round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-  
decker out of the foam,  
That the smooth-faced snubnosed rogue would  
leap from his counter and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his  
cheating yardwand, home. —

## XIV.

What! am I raging alone as my father raged  
in his mood?  
Must *I* too creep to the hollow and dash my-  
self down and die  
Rather than hold by the law that I made,  
nevermore to brood  
On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched  
swindler's lie?

## XV.

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there was *love*  
in the passionate shriek,  
Love for the silent thing that had made false  
haste to the grave —  
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought  
he would rise and speak  
And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he  
used to rave.

## XVI.

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of  
the moor and the main.  
Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever  
come to me here?  
O, having the nerves of motion as well as the  
nerves of pain,  
Were it not wise if I fled from the place and  
the pit and the fear?

## XVII.

Workmen up at the Hall! — they are coming  
back from abroad;  
The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of  
a millionaire:

I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud ;  
I play'd with the girl when a child ; she promised then to be fair.

## XVIII.

Maud with her venturous climbings and tum-  
bles and childish escapes,  
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy  
of the Hall,  
Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my  
father dangled the grapes,  
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-  
faced darling of all, —

## XIX.

What is she now ? My dreams are bad. She  
may bring me a curse.  
No, there is fatter game on the moor ; she will  
let me alone.  
Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether wo-  
man or man be the worse.  
I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may  
pipe to his own.



## II.

LONG have I sigh'd for a calm : God grant I  
    may find it at last !  
It will never be broken by Maud, she has nei-  
    ther savor nor salt,  
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when  
    her carriage past,  
Perfectly beautiful : let it be granted her :  
    where is the fault ?  
All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast,  
    not to be seen)  
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly  
    null,  
Dead perfection, no more ; nothing more, if it  
    had not been  
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's  
    defect of the rose,  
Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe,  
    too full,  
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a  
    sensitive nose,  
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least  
    little touch of spleen.

## III.

COLD and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,  
Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly  
was drown'd,  
Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead  
on the cheek,  
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a  
gloom profound;  
Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a  
transient wrong  
Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever  
as pale as before  
Growing and fading and growing upon me  
without a sound,  
Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half  
the night long  
Growing and fading and growing, till I could  
bear it no more,  
But arose, and all by myself in my own dark  
garden ground,  
Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung  
shipwrecking roar,  
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd  
down by the wave,

Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer,  
and found  
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in  
his grave.

## IV.

## I.

A MILLION emeralds break from the ruby-  
budded lime  
In the little grove where I sit — ah, wherefore  
cannot I be  
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful  
season bland,  
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of  
a softer clime,  
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent  
of sea,  
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of  
the land?

## II.

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how  
quiet and small!  
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip,  
scandal, and spite;

And Jack on his alehouse bench has as many  
lies as a Czar ;  
And here on the landward side, by a red rock,  
glimmers the Hall ;  
And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass  
like a light ;  
But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my  
leading star !

## III.

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled  
head of the race ?  
I met her to-day with her brother, but not to  
her brother I bow'd :  
I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the  
moor ;  
But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her  
beautiful face.  
O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in  
being so proud ;  
Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am  
nameless and poor.

## IV.

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to  
slander and steal ;

I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a  
stoic, or like

A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its  
way :

For nature is one with rapine, a harm no  
preacher can heal ;

The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the spar-  
row spear'd by the shrike,

And the whole little wood where I sit is a  
world of plunder and prey.

## v.

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty  
fair in her flower ;

Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an un-  
seen hand at a game

That pushes us off from the board, and others  
ever succeed ?

Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here  
for an hour ;

We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin  
at a brother's shame ;

However we brave it out, we men are a little  
breed.

## VI.

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Mas-  
ter of Earth,  
For him did his high sun flame, and his river  
billowing ran,  
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's  
crowning race.  
As nine months go to the shaping an infant  
ripe for his birth,  
So many a million of ages have gone to the  
making of man :  
He now is first, but is he the last ? is he not  
too base ?

## VII.

The man of science himself is fonder of glory,  
and vain,  
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bound-  
ed and poor ;  
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into  
folly and vice.  
I would not marvel at either, but keep a tem-  
perate brain ;  
For not to desire or admire, if a man could  
learn it, were more  
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in  
a garden of spice.

## VIII.

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid  
by the veil.

Who knows the ways of the world, how God  
will bring them about?

Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world  
is wide.

Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if  
a Hungary fail?

Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or  
with knout?

I have not made the world, and He that made  
it will guide.

## IX.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet wood-  
land ways,

Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless  
peace be my lot,

Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the  
hubbub of lies;

From the long-neck'd geese of the world that  
are ever hissing dispraise

Because their natures are little, and, whether  
he heed it or not,

Where each man walks with his head in a  
cloud of poisonous flies.

## X.

And most of all would I flee from the cruel  
madness of love,

The honey of poison-flowers and all the meas-  
ureless ill.

Ah Maud, you milkwhite fawn, you are all  
unmeet for a wife.

Your mother is mute in her grave as her image  
in marble above ;

Your father is ever in London, you wander  
about at your will ;

You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the  
lilies of life.

## V.

## I.

A VOICE by the cedar tree,  
In the meadow under the Hall !  
She is singing an air that is known to me,  
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet's call !  
Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of May,  
Singing of men that in battle array,



Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and fife  
To the death, for their native land.

## II.

Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,  
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,  
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,  
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,  
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and  
    mean,  
And myself so languid and base.

## III.

Silence, beautiful voice  
Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
A glory I shall not find.  
Still! I will hear you no more,  
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice  
But to move to the meadow and fall before  
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,  
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,  
Not her, not her, but a voice.

## VI.

## I.

MORNING arises stormy and pale,  
No sun, but a wannish glare  
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,  
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd  
Caught and cuff'd by the gale :  
I had fancied it would be fair.

## II.

Whom but Maud should I meet  
Last night, when the sunset burn'd  
On the blossom'd gable-ends  
At the head of the village-street,  
Whom but Maud should I meet ?  
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so  
sweet  
She made me divine amends  
For a courtesy not return'd.

## III.

And thus a delicate spark  
Of glowing and growing light

Thro' the livelong hours of the dark  
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,  
Ready to burst in a color'd flame ;  
Till at last when the morning came  
In a cloud, it faded, and seems  
But an ashen-gray delight.

## IV.

What if with her sunny hair,  
And smile as sunny as cold,  
She meant to weave me a snare  
Of some coquettish deceit,  
Cleopatra-like as of old  
To entangle me when we met,  
To have her lion roll in a silken net  
And fawn at a victor's feet.

## V.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty  
Should Nature keep me alive,  
If I find the world so bitter  
When I am but twenty-five ?  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,

And her smile were all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

## VI.

What if tho' her eye seem'd full  
Of a kind intent to me,  
What if that dandy-despot, he,  
That jewell'd mass of millinery,  
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull  
Smelling of musk and of insolence,  
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
Who wants the finer politic sense  
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,  
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn —  
What if he had told her yestermorn  
How prettily for his own sweet sake  
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,  
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,  
That so, when the rotten hustings shake  
In another month to his brazen lies,  
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

## VII.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,  
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,

Or thou wilt prove their tool.  
Yea too, myself from myself I guard,  
For often a man's own angry pride  
Is cap and bells for a fool.

## VIII.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone  
Came out of her pitying womanhood,  
For am I not, am I not, here alone  
So many a summer since she died,  
My mother, who was so gentle and good ?  
Living alone in an empty house,  
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,  
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,  
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,  
And my own sad name in corners cried,  
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown  
About its echoing chambers wide,  
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown  
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,  
And a morbid eating lichen fixt  
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

## IX.

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught  
By that you swore to withstand ?

For what was it else within me wrought  
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,  
That made my tongue so stammer and trip  
When I saw the treasured splendor, her hand,  
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,  
And the sunlight broke from her lip?

## X.

I have play'd with her when a child ;  
She remembers it now we meet.  
Ah well, well, well, I *may* be beguiled  
By some coquettish deceit.  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile had all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

## VII.

## I.

DID I hear it half in a doze  
Long since, I know not where ?  
Did I dream it an hour ago,  
When asleep in this arm-chair ?

## II.

Men were drinking together,  
Drinking and talking of me ;  
“ Well, if it prove a girl, the boy  
Will have plenty : so let it be.”

## III.

Is it an echo of something  
Read with a boy's delight,  
Viziers nodding together  
In some Arabian night ?

## IV.

Strange, that I hear two men,  
Somewhere, talking of me ;  
“ Well, if it prove a girl, my boy  
Will have plenty : so let it be.”

## VIII.

SHE came to the village church,  
And sat by a pillar alone ;  
An angel watching an urn

Wept over her, carved in stone ;  
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,  
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd  
To find they were met by my own ;  
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger  
And thicker, until I heard no longer  
The snowy-banded, dilettante,  
Delicate-handed priest intone ;  
And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd  
“ No surely, now it cannot be pride.”

## IX.

I WAS walking a mile,  
More than a mile from the shore,  
The sun look'd out with a smile  
Betwixt the cloud and the moor,  
And riding at set of day  
Over the dark moor land,  
Rapidly riding far away,  
She waved to me with her hand.  
There were two at her side,  
Something flash'd in the sun,  
Down by the hill I saw them ride,  
In a moment they were gone :



Like a sudden spark  
Struck vainly in the night,  
Then returns the dark  
With no more hope of light.

## X.

## I.

SICK, am I sick of a jealous dread ?  
Was not one of the two at her side  
This new-made lord, whose splendor plucks  
The slavish hat from the villager's head ?  
Whose old grandfather has lately died,  
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom  
Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks  
And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom  
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine  
Master of half a servile shire,  
And left his coal all turn'd into gold  
To a grandson, first of his noble line,  
Rich in the grace all women desire,  
Strong in the power that all men adore,  
And simper and set their voices lower,  
And soften as if to a girl, and hold  
Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,

Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,  
New as his title, built last year,  
There amid perky larches and pine,  
And over the sullen-purple moor  
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

## II.

What, has he found my jewel out?  
For one of the two that rode at her side  
Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he:  
Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride.  
Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.  
Maud could be gracious too, no doubt,  
To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,  
A bought commission, a waxen face,  
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape —  
Bought? what is it he cannot buy?  
And therefore splenetic, personal, base,  
A wounded thing with a rancorous cry,  
At war with myself and a wretched race,  
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

## III.

Last week came one to the county town,  
To preach our poor little army down,

And play the game of the despot kings,  
Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well :  
This broad-brimm'd hawker of holy things,  
Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and  
rings  
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,  
This huckster put down war ! can he tell  
Whether war be a cause or a consequence ?  
Put down the passions that make earth Hell !  
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,  
Jealousy, down ! cut off from the mind  
The bitter springs of anger and fear ;  
Down too, down at your own fireside,  
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,  
For each is at war with mankind.

## IV.

I wish I could hear again  
The chivalrous battle-song  
That she warbled alone in her joy !  
I might persuade myself then  
She would not do herself this great wrong,  
To take a wanton, dissolute boy  
For a man and leader of men.

## V.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
Like some of the simple great ones gone  
For ever and ever by,  
One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat, — one  
Who can rule and dare not lie.

## VI.

And ah for a man to arise in me,  
That the man I am may cease to be !

## XI.

## I.

O LET the solid ground  
Not fail beneath my feet  
Before my life has found  
What some have found so sweet ;  
Then let come what come may,  
What matter if I go mad,  
I shall have had my day.

## II.

Let the sweet heavens endure,  
Not close and darken above me  
Before I am quite quite sure  
That there is one to love me ;  
Then let come what come may  
To a life that has been so sad,  
I shall have had my day.

## XII.

## I.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden  
When twilight was falling,  
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
They were crying and calling.

## II.

Where was Maud ? in our wood ;  
And I, who else, was with her,  
Gathering woodland lilies,  
Myriads blow together.

## III.

Birds in our wood sang  
    Ringing thro' the valleys,  
Maud is here, here, here  
    In among the lilies.

## IV.

I kiss'd her slender hand,  
    She took the kiss sedately ;  
Maud is not seventeen,  
    But she is tall and stately.

## V.

I to cry out on pride  
    Who have won her favor !  
O Maud were sure of Heaven  
    If lowliness could save her.

## VI.

I know the way she went  
    Home with her maiden posy,  
For her feet have touch'd the meadows  
    And left the daisies rosy.

## VII.

Birds in the high Hall-garden  
Were crying and calling to her,  
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,  
One is come to woo her.

## VIII.

Look, a horse at the door,  
And little King Charley snarling,  
Go back, my lord, across the moor,  
You are not her darling.

## XIII.

## I.

SCORN'D, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn,  
Is that a matter to make me fret ?  
That a calamity hard to be borne ?  
Well, he may live to hate me yet.  
Fool that I am to be vext with his pride !  
I past him, I was crossing his lands ;  
He stood on the path a little aside ;  
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,

Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white,  
And six feet two, as I think, he stands ;  
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,  
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick  
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

## II.

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,  
I long'd so heartily then and there  
To give him the grasp of fellowship ;  
But while I past he was humming an air,  
Stopt, and then with a riding whip  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And curving a contumelious lip,  
Gorgonized me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare.

## III.

Why sits he here in his father's chair ?  
That old man never comes to his place :  
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen ?  
For only once, in the village street,  
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,  
A gray old wolf and a lean.



Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat ;  
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,  
She might by a true descent be untrue ;  
And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet :  
Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due  
To the sweeter blood by the other side ;  
Her mother has been a thing complete,  
However she came to be so allied.  
And fair without, faithful within,  
Maud to him is nothing akin :  
Some peculiar mystic grace  
Made her only the child of her mother,  
And heap'd the whole inherited sin  
On that huge scapegoat of the race,  
All, all upon the brother.

## IV.

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!  
Has not his sister smiled on me ?

## XIV.

## I.

MAUD has a garden of roses  
And lilies fair on a lawn ;

There she walks in her state  
And tends upon bed and bower,  
And thither I climb'd at dawn  
And stood by her garden-gate ;  
A lion ramps at the top,  
He is claspt by a passion-flower.

## II.

Maud's own little oak-room  
(Which Maud, like a precious stone  
Set in the heart of the carven gloom,  
Lights with herself, when alone  
She sits by her music and books,  
And her brother lingers late  
With a roystering company) looks  
Upon Maud's own garden-gate :  
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white  
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid  
On the hasp of the window, and my Delight  
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to  
glide,  
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to  
my side,  
There were but a step to be made.

## III.

The fancy flatter'd my mind,  
And again seem'd overbold ;  
Now I thought that she cared for me,  
Now I thought she was kind  
Only because she was cold.

## IV.

I heard no sound where I stood  
But the rivulet on from the lawn  
Running down to my own dark wood ;  
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd  
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn ;  
But I look'd, and round, all round the house  
I beheld  
The death-white curtain drawn ;  
Felt a horror over me creep,  
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,  
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but  
sleep,  
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the  
sleep of death.

## XV.

So dark a mind within me dwells,  
And I make myself such evil cheer,  
That if *I* be dear to some one else,  
Then some one else may have much to fear;  
But if *I* be dear to some one else,  
Then I should be to myself more dear.  
Shall I not take care of all that I think,  
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,  
If I be dear,  
If I be dear to some one else?

## XVI.

## I.

THIS lump of earth has left his estate  
The lighter by the loss of his weight;  
And so that he find what he went to seek,  
And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and drown  
His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,  
He may stay for a year who has gone for a  
week:  
But this is the day when I must speak,

And I see my Oread coming down,  
O this is the day !  
O beautiful creature, what am I  
That I dare to look her way ;  
Think I may hold dominion sweet,  
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast,  
And dream of her beauty with tender dread,  
From the delicate Arab arch of her feet  
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest  
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,  
And she knows it not : O, if she knew it,  
To know her beauty might half undo it.  
I know it the one bright thing to save  
My yet young life in the wilds of Time,  
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,  
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

## II.

What, if she be fasten'd to this fool lord,  
Dare I bid her abide by her word ?  
Should I love her so well if she  
Had given her word to a thing so low ?  
Shall I love her as well if she  
Can break her word were it even for me ?  
I trust that it is not so.

## III.

Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart,  
Let not my tongue be a thrall to my eye,  
For I must tell her before we part,  
I must tell her, or die.

## XVII.

Go not, happy day,  
From the shining fields,  
Go not, happy day,  
Till the maiden yields.  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.  
When the happy Yes  
Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
O'er the blowing ships.  
Over blowing seas,  
Over seas at rest,  
Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the West;

Till the red man dance  
     By his red cedar tree,  
 And the red man's babe  
     Leap, beyond the sea.  
 Blush from West to East,  
     Blush from East to West,  
 Till the West is East,  
     Blush it thro' the West.  
 Rosy is the West,  
     Rosy is the South,  
 Roses are her cheeks,  
     And a rose her mouth.

## XVIII.

## I.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.  
 There is none like her, none.  
 And never yet so warmly ran my blood  
 And sweetly, on and on  
 Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,  
 Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

## II.

None like her, none.  
 Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk

Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,  
And shook my heart to think she comes once  
more ;

But even then I heard her close the door,  
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is  
gone.

## III.

There is none like her, none.  
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.  
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious  
East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,  
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,  
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
And looking to the South, and fed  
With honey'd rain and delicate air,  
And haunted by the starry head  
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,  
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame ;  
And over whom thy darkness must have spread  
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great  
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there  
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom  
she came.



## IV.

Here will I lie, while these long branches  
    sway,

And you fair stars that crown a happy day

Go in and out as if at merry play,

Who am no more so all forlorn,

As when it seem'd far better to be born

To labor and the mattock-harden'd hand,

Than nursed at ease and brought to under-  
    stand

A sad astrology, the boundless plan

That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,

Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,

Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand

His nothingness into man.

## V.

But now shine on, and what care I,

Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl

The countercharm of space and hollow sky,

And do accept my madness, and would die

To save from some slight shame one simple  
    girl.

## VI.

Would die ; for sullen-seeming Death may  
give  
More life to Love than is or ever was  
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to  
live.

Let no one ask me how it came to pass ;  
It seems that I am happy, that to me  
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

## VII.

Not die ; but live a life of truest breath,  
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.  
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-  
songs,  
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death ?  
Make answer, Maud my bliss,  
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's  
kiss,  
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this ?  
“ The dusky strand of Death inwoven here  
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more  
dear.”

## VIII.

Is that enchanted moan only the swell  
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay ?  
And hark the clock within, the silver knell  
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,  
And died to live, long as my pulses play ;  
But now by this my love has closed her sight  
And given false death her hand, and stol'n  
    away  
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies  
    dwell  
Among the fragments of the golden day.  
May nothing there her maiden grace affright !  
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.  
My bride to be, my evermore delight,  
My own heart's heart and ownest own farewell ;  
It is but for a little space I go :  
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell  
Beat to the noiseless music of the night !  
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow  
Of your soft splendors that you look so bright ?  
*I* have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.  
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,  
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can  
    tell,

Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe  
That seems to draw — but it shall not be so :  
Let all be well, be well.

## XIX.

## I.

HER brother is coming back to-night,  
Breaking up my dream of delight.

## II.

My dream ? do I dream of bliss ?  
I have walk'd awake with Truth.  
O when did a morning shine  
So rich in atonement as this  
For my dark-dawning youth,  
Darken'd watching a mother decline  
And that dead man at her heart and mine :  
For who was left to watch her but I ?  
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

## III.

I trust that I did not talk  
To gentle Maud in our walk

(For often in lonely wanderings  
I have cursed him even to lifeless things)  
But I trust that I did not talk,  
Not touch on her father's sin :  
I'm sure I did but speak  
Of my mother's faded cheek  
When it slowly grew so thin,  
That I felt she was slowly dying  
Vext with lawyers and harass'd with debt :  
For how often I caught her with eyes all wet,  
Shaking her head at her son and sighing  
A world of trouble within !

## IV.

And Maud too, Maud was moved  
To speak of the mother she loved  
As one scarce less forlorn,  
Dying abroad and it seems apart  
From him who had ceased to share her heart,  
And ever mourning over the feud,  
The household Fury sprinkled with blood  
By which our houses are torn :  
How strange was what she said,  
When only Maud and the brother  
Hung over her dying bed —

That Maud's dark father and mine  
Had bound us one to the other,  
Betrothed us over their wine,  
On the day when Maud was born ;  
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet breath.  
Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death,  
Mine, mine — our fathers have sworn.

## V.

But the true blood spilt had in it a heat  
To dissolve the precious seal on a bond,  
That, if left uncancell'd, had been so sweet :  
And none of us thought of a something beyond,  
A desire that awoke in the heart of the child,  
As it were a duty done to the tomb,  
To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled ;  
And I was cursing them and my doom,  
And letting a dangerous thought run wild  
While often abroad in the fragrant gloom  
Of foreign churches — I see her there,  
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer  
To be friends, to be reconciled !

## VI.

But then what a flint is he !  
Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,

I find whenever she touch'd on me  
This brother had laugh'd her down,  
And at last, when each came home,  
He had darken'd into a frown,  
Chid her, and forbid her to speak  
To me, her friend of the years before ;  
And this was what had redder'd her cheek  
When I bow'd to her on the moor.

## VII.

Yet Maud, altho' not blind  
To the faults of his heart and mind,  
I see she cannot but love him,  
And says he is rough but kind,  
And wishes me to approve him,  
And tells me, when she lay  
Sick once, with a fear of worse,  
That he left his wine and horses and play,  
Sat with her, read to her, night and day,  
And tended her like a nurse.

## VIII.

Kind ? but the death-bed desire  
Spurn'd by this heir of the liar —

Rough but kind ? yet I know  
He has plotted against me in this,  
That he plots against me still.  
Kind to Maud ? that were not amiss.  
Well, rough but kind ; why, let it be so :  
For shall not Maud have her will ?

## IX.

For, Maud, so tender and true,  
As long as my life endures  
I feel I shall owe you a debt,  
That I never can hope to pay ;  
And if ever I should forget  
That I owe this debt to you  
And for your sweet sake to yours ;  
O then, what then shall I say ? —  
If ever I *should* forget,  
May God make me more wretched  
Than ever I have been yet !

## X.

So now I have sworn to bury  
All this dead body of hate,  
I feel so free and so clear



By the loss of that dead weight,  
That I shall grow light-headed, I fear,  
Fantastically merry ;  
But that her brother comes, like a blight,  
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-night.

## XX.

## I.

STRANGE, that I felt so gay,  
Strange, that *I* tried to-day  
To beguile her melancholy ;  
The Sultan, as we name him, —  
She did not wish to blame him —  
But he vexed her and perplexed her  
With his worldly talk and folly :  
Was it gentle to reprove her  
For stealing out of view  
From a little lazy lover  
Who but claims her as his due ?  
Or for chilling his caresses  
By the coldness of her manners,  
Nay, the plainness of her dresses ?  
Now I know her but in two,  
Nor can pronounce upon it

If one should ask me whether  
The habit, hat, and feather,  
Or the frock and gypsy bonnet  
Be the neater and completer ;  
For nothing can be sweeter  
Than maiden Maud in either.

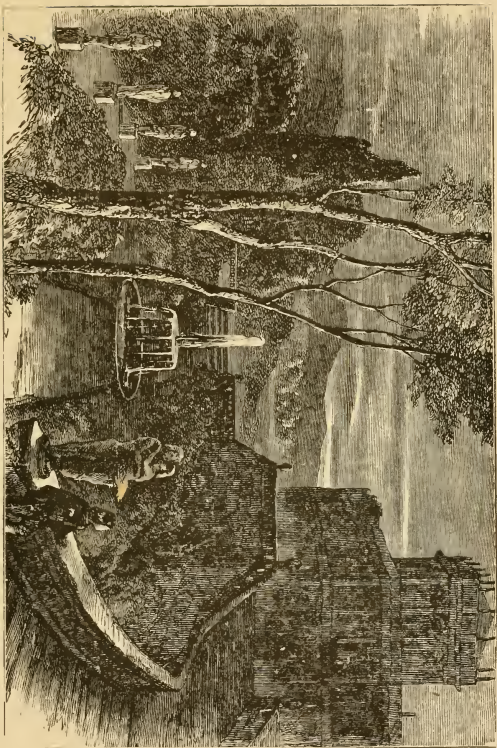
## II.

But to-morrow, if we live,  
Our ponderous squire will give  
A grand political dinner  
To half the squirelings near ;  
And Maud will wear her jewels,  
And the bird of prey will hover,  
And the titmouse hope to win her,  
With his chirrup at her ear.

## III.

A grand political dinner  
To the men of many acres,  
A gathering of the Tory,  
A dinner and then a dance  
For the maids and marriage-makers,  
And every eye but mine will glance  
At Maud in all her glory.

"Come into the garden, Maid."





## IV.

For I am not invited,  
But, with the Sultan's pardon,  
I am all as well delighted,  
For I know her own rose-garden,  
And mean to linger in it  
Till the dancing will be over ;  
And then, O then, come out to me  
For a minute, but for a minute,  
Come out to your own true lover,  
That your true lover may see  
Your glory also, and render  
All homage to his own darling,  
Queen Maud in all her splendor.

## XXI.

RIVULET crossing my ground,  
And bringing me down from the Hall  
This garden-rose that I found,  
Forgetful of Maud and me,  
And lost in trouble and moving round  
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,  
And trying to pass to the sea ;  
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,

My Maud has sent it by thee  
(If I read her sweet will right)  
On a blushing mission to me,  
Saying in odor and color, " Ah, be  
Among the roses to-night."

## XXII.

## I.

COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone ;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

## II.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

## III.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon ;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune ;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

## IV.

I said to the lily, " There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone ?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day ;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

## V.

I said to the rose, " The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine ?

But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,  
"For ever and ever, mine."

## VI.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall ;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the  
wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

## VII.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

## VIII.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;



But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me ;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

## IX.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one ;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

## X.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;  
She is coming, my life, my fate ;  
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near" ;  
And the white rose weeps, "She is late" ;  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear" ;  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

## XI.


She is coming, my own, my sweet ;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;  
 My dust would hear her and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead ;  
 Would start and tremble under her feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red.

## PART II.

## I.

## I.

“  HE fault was mine, the fault was mine ” —

Why am I sitting here so stunn'd  
 and still,

Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill ? —

It is this guilty hand ! —

And there rises ever a passionate cry

From underneath in the darkening land —

What is it, that has been done ?

O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,

The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,

The fires of Hell and of Hate ;  
For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,  
When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,  
He came with a babe-faced lord ;  
Heap'd on her terms of disgrace,  
And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,  
He fiercely gave me the lie,  
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,  
And he struck me, madman, over the face,  
Struck me before the languid fool,  
Who was gaping and grinning by :  
Struck for himself an evil stroke ;  
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe ;  
For front to front in an hour we stood,  
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke  
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,  
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christless  
code,  
That must have life for a blow.  
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.  
Was it he lay there with a fading eye ?  
“ The fault was mine,” he whisper'd, “ fly ! ”  
Then glided out of the joyous wood  
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know ;  
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,

A cry for a brother's blood :  
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die,  
till I die.

## II.

Is it gone? my pulses beat —  
What was it? a lying trick of the brain?  
Yet I thought I saw her stand,  
A shadow there at my feet,  
High over the shadowy land.  
It is gone; and the heavens fall in a gentle rain,  
When they should burst and drown with del-  
uging storms  
The feeble vassals of wine and anger and lust,  
The little hearts that know not how to forgive:  
Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,  
Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous  
worms,  
That sting each other here in the dust;  
We are not worthy to live.

## II.

## I.

SEE what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,

Lying close to my foot,  
Frail, but a work divine,  
Made so fairily well  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design !

## II.

What is it ? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name.  
Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same.

## III.

The tiny cell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?  
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Thro' his dim water-world ?

## IV.

Slight, to be crushed with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand,

Small, but a work divine,  
Frail, but of force to withstand,  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand !

## V.

Breton, not Briton ; here  
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast  
Of ancient fable and fear —  
Plagued with a flitting to and fro,  
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost  
That never came from on high  
Nor ever arose from below,  
But only moves with the moving eye,  
Flying along the land and the main —  
Why should it look like Maud ?  
Am I to be overawed  
By what I cannot but know  
Is a juggle born of the brain ?

## VI.

Back from the Breton coast,  
Sick of a nameless fear,

Back to the dark sea-line  
Looking, thinking of all I have lost ;  
An old song vexes my ear ;  
But that of Lamech is mine.

## VII.

For years, a measureless ill,  
For years, for ever, to part —  
But she, she would love me still ;  
And as long, O God, as she  
Have a grain of love for me,  
So long, no doubt, no doubt,  
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,  
However weary, a spark of will  
Not to be trampled out.

## VIII.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught  
With a passion so intense  
One would think that it well  
Might drown all life in the eye, —  
That it should, by being so overwrought,  
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense  
For a shell, or a flower, little things

Which else would have been past by !  
And now I remember, I,  
When he lay dying there,  
I noticed one of his many rings  
(For he had many, poor worm) and thought  
It is his mother's hair.

## IX.

Who knows if he be dead ?  
Whether I need have fled ?  
Am I guilty of blood ?  
However this may be,  
Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,  
While I am over the sea !  
Let me and my passionate love go by,  
But speak to her all things holy and high,  
Whatever happen to me !  
Me and my harmful love go by ;  
But come to her waking, find her asleep,  
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,  
And comfort her tho' I die.

## III.

COURAGE, poor heart of stone !  
I will not ask thee why



Thou canst not understand  
That thou art left for ever alone :  
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone. —  
Or if I ask thee why,  
Care not thou to reply :  
She is but dead, and the time is at hand  
When thou shalt more than die.

## IV.

## I.

O THAT 't were possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again !

## II.

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
By the home that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

## III.

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee ;  
Ah Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.

## IV.

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

## V.

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies ;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of the morrow,

The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

## VI.

'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendor falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls ;  
'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet ;  
She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echo rings ;  
In a moment we shall meet ;  
She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.

## VII.

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye ?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,  
There is some one dying or dead,

And a sullen thunder is roll'd ;  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled ;  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold.

## VIII.

Get thee hence, nor come again,  
Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about !  
'T is the blot upon the brain  
That *will* show itself without.

## IX.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,  
And the yellow vapors choke  
The great city sounding wide ;  
The day comes, a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke  
On the misty river-tide.

## X.

Thro' the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame,  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,  
The shadow still the same ;  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

## XI.

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering thro' the laurels  
At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall.

## XII.

Would the happy spirit descend,  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend

Or to say "forgive the wrong,"  
Or to ask her, "take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest" ?

## XIII.

But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be ;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me :  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee.

## V.

## I.

DEAD, long dead,  
Long dead !  
And my heart is a handful of dust,  
And the wheels go over my head,  
And my bones are shaken with pain,  
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,

Only a yard beneath the street,  
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,  
The hoofs of the horses beat,  
Beat into my scalp and my brain,  
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,  
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,  
Clamor and rumble, and ringing and clatter,  
And here beneath it is all as bad,  
For I thought the dead had peace, but it is  
    not so ;  
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad ?  
But up and down and to and fro,  
Ever about me the dead men go ;  
And then to hear a dead man chatter  
Is enough to drive one mad.

## II.

Wretchedest age, since Time began,  
They cannot even bury a man ;  
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days that  
    are gone,  
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read ;  
It is that which makes us loud in the world of  
    the dead ;

There is none that does his work, not one ;  
A touch of their office might have sufficed,  
But the churchmen fain would kill their church,  
As the churches have kill'd their Christ.

## III.

See, there is one of us sobbing,  
No limit to his distress ;  
And another, a lord of all things, praying  
To his own great self, as I guess ;  
And another, a statesman there, betraying  
His party-secret, fool, to the press ;  
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing  
The case of his patient — all for what ?  
To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,  
And wheedle a world that loves him not,  
For it is but a world of the dead.

## IV.

Nothing but idiot gabble !  
For the prophecy given of old  
And then not understood,  
Has come to pass as foretold ;  
Not let any man think for the public good,



But babble, merely for babble.  
For I never whisper'd a private affair  
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,  
No, not to myself in the closet alone,  
But I heard it shouted at once from the top of  
the house ;  
Everything came to be known :  
Who told *him* we were there ?

## V.

Not that gray old wolf, for he came not back  
From the wilderness, full of wolves, where he  
used to lie ;  
He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown  
whelp to crack ;  
Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and  
die.

## VI.

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,  
And curse me the British vermin, the rat ;  
I know not whether he came in the Hanover  
ship,  
But I know that he lies and listens mute  
In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes :

Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,  
Except that now we poison our babes, poor  
souls!

It is all used up for that.

## VII.

Tell him now : she is standing here at my head ;  
Not beautiful now, not even kind ;  
He may take her now ; for she never speaks  
her mind,

But is ever the one thing silent here.

She is not of us, as I divine ;

She comes from another stiller world of the  
dead,

Stiller, not fairer than mine.

## VIII.

But I know where a garden grows,

Fairer than aught in the world beside,

All made up of the lily and rose

That blow by night, when the season is good,

To the sound of dancing music and flutes :

It is only flowers, they had no fruits,

And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood ;

For the keeper was one, so full of pride,

He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride ;

For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes,  
Would he have that hole in his side ?

## IX.

But what will the old man say ?  
He laid a cruel snare in a pit  
To catch a friend of mine one stormy day ;  
Yet now I could even weep to think of it ;  
For what will the old man say  
When he comes to the second corpse in the pit ?

## X.

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,  
Then to strike him and lay him low,  
That were a public merit, far,  
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin ;  
But the red life spilt for a private blow —  
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war  
Are scarcely even akin.

## XI.

O me, why have they not buried me deep  
enough ?  
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,  
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper ?  
Maybe still I am but half-dead ;

Then I cannot be wholly dumb ;  
 I will cry to the steps above my head,  
 And somebody, surely, some kind heart will  
     come  
 To bury me, bury me  
 Deeper, ever so little deeper.

## PART III.

I.

I.



Y life has crept so long on a broken  
     wing  
 Thro' cells of madness, haunts of  
     horror and fear,  
 That I come to be grateful at last for a little  
     thing :  
 My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of  
     year  
 When the face of night is fair on the dewy  
     downs,  
 And the shining daffodil dies, and the Char-  
     ioteer

And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,  
That like a silent lightning under the stars  
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band  
    of the blest,  
And spoke of a hope for the world in the com-  
    ing wars —  
“ And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have  
    rest,  
Knowing I tarry for thee,” and pointed to  
    Mars  
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's  
    breast.

## II.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear  
    delight  
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes  
    so fair,  
That had been in a weary world my one thing  
    bright ;  
And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my  
    despair  
When I thought that a war would arise in de-  
    fence of the right,

That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,  
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient  
    height,  
Nor Britain's one sole God be the million-  
    naire :  
No more shall commerce be all in all, and  
    Peace  
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,  
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,  
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's  
    throat  
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no  
    more.

## III.

And as months ran on and rumor of battle  
    grew,  
“It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,”  
    said I  
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure  
    and true),  
“It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,  
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.”  
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my  
    breath

With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,  
'Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly  
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of  
death.

## IV.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims  
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of  
gold,  
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs  
and shames,  
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told ;  
And hail once more to the banner of battle  
unroll'd !  
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall  
weep  
For those that are crush'd in the clash of jar-  
ring claims,  
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a  
giant liar ;  
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,  
And shine in the sudden making of splendid  
names,  
And noble thought be freer under the sun,  
And the heart of a people beat with one de-  
sire ;

For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over  
and done,  
And now by the side of the Black and the Bal-  
tic deep,  
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress,  
flames  
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of  
fire.

## v.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down  
like a wind,  
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we  
are noble still,  
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the  
better mind ;  
It is better to fight for the good, than to rail  
at the ill ;  
I have felt with my native land, I am one with  
my kind :  
I embrace the purpose of God and the doom  
assign'd.







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